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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from our Last.)

[ABOUT the period at which we have arrived occurred the grand *fete champetre* at the "Chancellor's," Hammersmith, where the aristocratic and wealthy patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre, the literary and artistic celebrities who accept private boxes and stalls, the members of the independent press, who support the establishment, by holding a candle to its weaknesses, and the flower of the *troupe*, operatic and choregraphic, were summoned by the gallant *impresario* to meet in friendly confarreation. The visitors began to assemble about 3 o'clock A.M., and long before midnight, it was "joliment mèle"—a fairy rout in the grounds, and plenty to eat and to drink *par-tout*. When dancing began, all danced except those unaffected to the sport, who preferred rambling about the swards, penetrating into the thickets, or feasting *ad libitum* in the well-stored *salons-à-manger*—of either and every of which inclinations there were many partisans. If it is expected of us to record *who* were at the *fete*, that expectation will not be fulfilled. We can, however, "make short tale" by saying that every personage of any note, not urged to absence by more pressing and important duties, was present, and circulated freely at Mr. Lumley's *fete*—the second of the kind which has been held at the "Chancellor's," and equal in splendour to the first, which it will be remembered was given in honour of Messrs. Scribe and Halevy, in the memorable season of 1850, when the strains of *La Tempesta* first ravished the ears of the *élite* of the Operatic *dilettanti*, and wooed the most brilliant pens to eager and poetical apostrophe. To the curious foreigner and anxious stranger, the most interesting themes for observation were not the guests illustrious by rank, or wealth, or station, who had congregated at Mr. Lumley's hospitable bidding, but the literary "lions" and artistic "stars" that roared and twinkled in all directions, out-roaring the thunder of the military bands, and out-twinkling the light of the prostrated lamps, which, multi-coloured, glittered in the flower-beds, and on the grass, and in the tree branches—as it were glow-worms, fire-flies, and jack-o'-lan terns in multitudinous and eccentric regiments at your feet, above your head, and, so to speak, floating unsustained in the middle atmosphere. Thus, to see Rachel Felix flitting through the trees, darker than night—or Carlotta Grisi, whose tiny feet scarce made a pressure on the herbage—or Sophie Cruvelli flashing by, a meteor speeding to its unknown home—

or the three together—Rachel, Carlotta, Sophie—like the fates, the graces, or the attendant spirits that wait upon the Queen of Night; three shades more bright and beautiful than suns; a trinity in whose union is contained the world and mystery of mimic art, was far more an object of desire than to behold a dozen Dukes, or gaze on twenty Marquisses, and twenty-five "attachés," à no matter what *ambassade*. To catch Thackeray in a corner, silently swallowing a goblet of champagne, with moody eye and melancholy elbow, meditating a new chapter against life, was more *appetissant* than to dodge the steps of General Narvaez, or follow the vagaries of ever so much of a Dowager. These *inter alia*; the rest may be imagined without our aid; and now, indeed, we recollect that the *fete* at Hammersmith, regatta and *feu d'artifices* to boot, having nothing precisely to do with Her Majesty's Theatre, must be looked upon as an episode, cut short accordingly—long episode being always a bore—and shut up in brackets, as parenthesis.]

ALBONI came out on Saturday, the 12th of July, in her favourite part of Cenerentola. The triumph achieved by this magnificent singer, who has carried the vocal art to the extremest point, can never be forgotten by those who were present on the occasion. That glorious voice retained all its richness, mellow tone, flexibility, roundness, equality, extended range, and voluptuous sweetness. That astonishing brilliancy—that never swerving certainty—that largeness and grandeur of phrasing which imparted to the *largo* more than its inherent dignity, and to the *cantabile* the full tide of its flow and measure—that pliancy of voice and complete control of the singer which raise the "Non piu mesta" to a miracle of florid execution, as delightful from its variety of colour and exquisite balance as from the ease with which the prodigious *tours de force* are realised, were still, as ever, incomparable. In short, Alboni was Alboni—Mariette Alboni, of the laughing eyes and silver tones—to be more than whom would be to be beyond the limits of perfectability—and so to escape the sympathies of human nature, which can only appreciate the finite. The youngest daughter of Italian song, upon whose shoulders had descended the mantles of so many Queens of *adagio* and *cabaletta*, was welcomed again with an enthusiasm that must ever rekindle at the first sound of a voice whose vibrations are to the air as the mysterious emotions of love to the soul—with an enthusiasm which belongs to her as a birthright. From the quaint romance, "Una volta c'era un Re," to the *rondo finale*, "Non piu mesta," it was one unbroken chain of

triumphs for Alboni, who never more completely vindicated her prerogative to be entitled the "last of the Romans"—the *dernier rejeton* of a hoar and mighty oak, which, old and weak at the root, in giving birth to this latest and most favoured child, had unsapped itself to the core, and become barren to the end of time. In rendering ample justice to the transcendent merits of Alboni, the critics justly complained of the inefficiency of those who surrounded her. Lablache and Calzolari excepted, the disposition of the characters was feeble and unsatisfactory. Ferranti was found quite out of his element in Dandini, and the ladies who personated the two sisters of Cenerentola were by no means what they would have been had they been more tolerable.

The *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated on the following Wednesday—an extra night—which gave Sophie Cruvelli an opportunity of vindicating her fame as a singer of classical music. Her "Voi che sapete" this time was purity itself—perfection, indeed—and the result was an encore even more unanimous and hearty than that accorded to the ornamented version, which had been previously represented. Nothing could surpass the "Voi che sapete" but the "Non so piu cosa," an exhibition of rare and impetuous feeling, which, in its turn, was only surpassed by the "Voi che sapete." In short, Sophie Cruvelli was Sophie Cruvelli, and ministered to Mozart as a chosen priest swinging incense at his shrine, and laying a sacrifice upon his altar. And yet, after this genuine triumph, the capricious charmer, in repeating the song, reintroduced the old ornaments and *floriture*, once more turning her back upon the temple. "Sophie," said D. R., in a censorious mood, "Sophie, you are incorrigible! Nevertheless, look to it—listen to the words of honest counsel, and let not the hollowness of vain palms, eating against each other, noisy emblems of a void, deter you from your better impulses. Sing Mozart for those who love Mozart—Verdi for those who love Verdi—Bellini for those who love Bellini." And Sophie did listen, and from that time forward, as has been duly noted down, never misused a melody of the divine master, whose genius could scarcely have a more kindred and inspired interpreter than the gifted young artist, who had persuaded Beethoven from his hiding-place, and restored his *Fidelio* to the world's love and the world's sympathies.

On Saturday, the 19th, *Ernani* was produced. Sophie Cruvelli was the Elvira. It is not a little to say of this young singer that, after performing in Verdi's operas for four years in various parts of Europe, she has preserved all the freshness and beauty of a voice unsurpassed in either quality, while, on the other hand, its strength, volume, and range have been materially augmented. Such a *physique* as Cruvelli's, however, is almost unprecedented, and as her case is only an exception, it may be brought forward to fortify the rule, that Verdi's music is inimical to the human voice, and tends to impair the human lungs (like Halévy's). We are sorry for it; but it is not our fault, and as we are paid for speaking the truth, we are compelled to tell it. We are the more disposed to admit Cruvelli in the character of Elvira,

from the fact of its having been her first essay in 1848, when she came before a London audience in the bloom of nineteen summers, and at once subdued them by her fire and genial impulse. It was also as Elvira, last spring, at the tail to Mr. Lumley's season in Paris, that Cruvelli laid the *habitus* of the "Bouffes," lions and all, scented and unscented, *verniss* and *non verniss*, at her feet. This makes us tolerate Elvira—and more than this, that *Ernani* is Verdi's best opera, and still more that Cruvelli's singing in the *cavatina*, "*Ernani involami*," is one of the most energetic and powerful vocal displays of these times, and that her entire performance in the last scene, with Ernani and the old gentleman of the horn, is a master-piece of passion and intensity, which we should really be sorry not to witness now and then.

Cruvelli's success in *Ernani* has been as great this season as before, and although Mr. Shirley Brookes maintained in glib prose, and with much eloquence, that it was not a good part for her, the public thought otherwise, and the *Chronicle* was at a discount. Much that Mr. Brookes adduced, however, was good and honest, and we remember, in a spirited article, ourselves to have advised Mdlle. Cruvelli to get the following words of the critic written in letters of gold, framed and glazed, and hung up in her study, as a daily memento and admonisher. "*We have often recorded our unfeigned admiration of Mdlle. Cruvelli's high talents and genius, and feel that those who counselled her not to make her début this season in her opening part of 1848, counselled well. Had she reappeared as Elvira instead of Fidelio she would scarcely have attained so soon the eminent position she has honourably won and which she will, we are sure, permanently retain.*" (We quote from memory). The counsellors who counselled *Fidelio* as the opening part for Sophie Cruvelli, were ourselves, in the *Musical World*. (See ante, May 17, No. 20). The result proved our wisdom and justified the praises bestowed upon us by the *Chronicle*, whose sentences we republish, with a reiteration of the advice to "frame, glaze, and hang up, in study." To conclude, Elvira added another to Cruvelli's successes, and the general performance of the opera was greatly strengthened by our admirable English tenor, Sims Reeves, whose *Ernani*, both vocally and histrionically, is an effort of first-rate ability. On the other hand, Scapini was but a sorry Silva; while, again, on the other (*sic*) other hand, Coletti sang the music of Carlo V. delightfully, and helped to secure the encore of the quintet in the catacomb *finale* of the third act, upon which Rossini made a funny parody, that, not remembering, we refrain from quoting.

The long expected opera of Auber, *La Corbeille d'Oranges*, composed expressly for Alboni, was adapted for the Italian stage and produced on Tuesday the 22nd of July. Alboni saved this joint composition of Scribe and Auber from the entire indifference of the public, by the most consummate singing—consummate even for Alboni, whose singing is *prima facie*, the consummation of the art vocal. Nevertheless, although Alboni was Zerlina, Zerlina was not Alboni, and after two representations Zerlina was "thrown into the basket,"

and the whole, including the oranges, deposited in the lumber-room of oblivion, who, applying his special attribute in *propria persona*, forgot himself, and went to sleep, dreaming that Zerlina was Florinda. Oblivion should have heard *Sappho—Sappho—Sappho*—he would never have forgotten that. *Sappho* sticks in the memory like a chronic pain in the side, or an obstinate lumbago, or a zealous sciatica, that will make you ache in defiance of opium, vapour baths, or brandy and water. The performance of Zerlina was further remarkable for the first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre of Mdle. Nau, the French *soprano*, who in the part of Jemma (Alboni's daughter), sang a very elaborate *air-de-bravoure*, with great neatness and brilliancy. The other parts, if remembrance does not deceive us, were sustained by Calzolari, and Scapini or Casanova—we are always confounding the two. This was the third new work brought out by the enterprising director, and alas! the third failure. Such spirit and ill-adventure have seldom followed each other so persistently.

The next event of consequence was the revival of *Linda di Chamouni* for Cruvelli, on Tuesday the 29th July. Cruvelli had the disadvantage of coming into immediate comparison with Madame Sontag, who, after an absence of twenty years, reappeared before the English public in this very part, and had retained it since as her own property. As a dramatic performance, we may at once say that the Linda of Cruvelli was by far the most intellectual we have seen; whole in its vocal essentials, differing from preceding models, it equalled any of them, and, in some respects, was superior to them all. Still, on the whole, we agree with those critics who pronounced the part to be unworthy of her enthusiastic temperament. The feature which most impressed us in Cruvelli's performance was the last scene, in which the gradual return to reason of the heroine, bereaved of her senses by her misfortunes, was a master-stroke of art, worthy of any actress that ever trod the boards. The oftener we see Cruvelli the more we are convinced that had she not been one of the most admirable singers, she would still have been one of the greatest tragedians of the day. Carlo was the first part in which Sims Reeves came out at Her Majesty's Theatre. No one plays it better and no one sings it better than our superb *tenore*, who sustains the honor of English talent so triumphantly on the Italian stage. Coletti's Antonio, though differing materially from Tamburini's and immaterially from Ronconi's impersonation of the heavy indignant father, stands in need of no apostrophe at our pen. A more perfectly correct, intelligent, and bustling representative of the Marquis than Frederick Lablache could not have been desired. An event of special interest, however, was the first appearance of Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli, elder sister of the gifted *prima donna assoluta*, in the part of Pierotto, the Savoyard.*

* Our collaborateur is in error. This was not Marie Cruvelli's first appearance; the charming *contralto* had already sung with great success at the concert of Signor Puzzi, and the first grand morning concert at Her Majesty's Theatre, the grand duet from *Semiramide*, with her sister Sophie.—ED. M. W.

In addition to a voice of great flexibility and beautiful quality, Mdle. Marie Cruvelli displayed a command of vocalisation, which proved her a thorough artist. Her acting was intelligent, though quiet and unassuming to a remarkable degree, while her highly prepossessing personal appearance lent an agreeable illusion to the part. It has been much regretted that this young lady should have appeared so seldom in the course of this triple season.

The revival of *La Gazza Ladra* brought forward the glorious Alboni in one of her most recently chosen parts, since she abandoned the absolute *contralto* for the universal line—the *soprano*, *mezzo*, *alto*, and everything. Of Alboni's *Ninetta* we need say nothing here, except—but we must pause for a line to admire the scrupulous manner in which the supreme vocalist adheres to the text of Rossini. In this particular *MARIETTA ALBONI* is an example for all the world—a model that Sontag, Sophie Cruvelli, and any of them might follow with advantage. Calzolari is always good in Rossini's music; his flexible voice and graceful manner of phrasing (essentially Italian, and of the best), being just suited to the fluent strains of the gorgeous "Swan of Pesaro." His *Gianetto* was as good as ever. As for Coletti's Fernando it must always be admired, while Lablache's Podesta can never enough be laughed at. Mdle. Ida Bertrand was a highly finished and by no means bashful Pippo.

Meanwhile the *ballet* all this time was confined to fragments from this, fragments from that, fragments from the other—*Les Trois Graces—L'Île des Amours, La Sylphide* (Marie Taglioni), *Le Diable à Quatre* (Marie Taglioni), *Il Prodigio, Masaniello*, &c., &c.—but not the ghost of a new *pas*, much less a new *divertissement* or *ballet*. Carlotta had flown to the sea side in Scotland, and Rosati, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni constituted the strength and brightness of the coregraphic constellation. M. Paul Taglioni calmly rested on his oars, and allowed the new ballet of St. George's to float quietly down the stream of the channel, until it reached Ostend, and was *emballé* for Berlin, with music, not by Loder, but by Pugni—a rushlight to the moon! And now for Barbieri Nini.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JENNY LIND.

(From Mary Howitt's translation of Hans Anderson's *Life*.)

At this period of my life, I made an acquaintance which was of great moral and intellectual importance to me. I have already spoken of several persons and public characters who have had influence upon me as the poet; but none of these have had more, nor in a nobler sense of the word, than the lady to whom I here turn myself; she through whom I, at the same time, was enabled to forget my own individual self, to feed that which is holy in art, and to become acquainted with the command which God has given to genius.

The conversation was soon turned to her appearance in Copenhagen, and of this Jenny Lind declared that she stood in fear.

"I have never made my appearance," said she, "out of Sweden; everybody in my native land is so affectionate and kind to me, and if I made my appearance in Copenhagen and should be hissed!—I dare not venture on it!"

I said that I, it was true, could not pass judgment on her singing, because I had never heard it, neither did I know how she acted, but, nevertheless, I was convinced that such was the disposal at this moment in Copenhagen, that only a moderate voice, and some knowledge of acting would be successful; I believed that she might safely venture.

Bournonville's persuasion obtained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment they ever had.

At one concert Jenny Lind sang her Swedish songs; there was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching people thought nothing about the concert room; the popular melodies uttered by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised their omnipotent sway—the whole of Copenhagen was in raptures. Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade—the serenade was given; she expressed her thanks by again singing some Swedish songs, and I then saw her hasten into the darkest corner and weep for emotion.

"Yes, yes," said she, "I will exert myself; I will endeavour, I will be better qualified than I am, when I again come to Copenhagen."

The Daughter of the Regiment and the Sonnambula are certainly Jenny Lind's most unsurpassable parts; no second can take their places in these beside her. People laugh—they cry; they become better for it. People feel that God is in art; and where God stands before us face to face, there is a holy church.

There is not anything which can lessen the impression which Jenny Lind's appearance on the stage makes, except her own personal appearance at home. An intelligent and child-like disposition exercises here its astonishing power; she is happy; belonging as it were, no longer to the world, a peaceful, quiet home, is the object of her thoughts—yes she loves art with her whole soul and feels her vocation in it. A noble, pious disposition like hers cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents by whom they were misused, and compelled to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support, nevertheless the means for this excellent purpose were small.

"But have I not still a disengaged evening?" said she, "let me give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!"

Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds; when she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

"It is, however, beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so!"

Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have had a better or more ennobling influence on me, as the poet, than Jenny Lind, and I therefore have spoken of her so long and so warmly here.

A ROYAL MANAGER.—The privilege of the Teatro d'Oriente at Madrid having been offered for several weeks to public competition, without any acceptable offer being made for its purchase, her majesty has taken it on her own account, and named M. Temistocle Solera the director.—*Galignani*.

MEMOIR OF BENEDETTO MARCELLO.

BENEDETTO MARCELLO, a noble Venetian, whose family is mentioned by all the historians of Venice, was born in July 1686. His father, Agostino Marcello, was a senator; his mother, Paolina, was of the honourable family of Capello, the daughter of Girolamo Capello, and aunt of Pietro Andrea Capello, ambassador from the States of Venice to the courts of Spain, Vienna, and Rome, and also in England in that

capacity about the year 1743. Marcello's elder brother, Alessandro, had attained a great knowledge in natural philosophy and mathematics; and Benedetto after having been instructed in classical literature, and gone through a regular course of education under proper masters, was committed to his tuition. Alessandro lived at Venice, and had in his house a weekly musical meeting, in which his own compositions were frequently performed. Being a man of genius and rank, his house was the resort of most of the strangers that came to visit the city. The Princes of Brunswick, when at Venice, were invited to one of the musical performances; and Benedetto, at the time very young, being present, they took particular notice of him. In the hearing of Alessandro, they asked him, among other questions, what were the studies that most engaged his attention; "Oh," said his brother, "he is a very useful little fellow to me, he fetches my books and papers, and this is fittest employment for him." The boy was nettled at an answer which reflected as much upon his supposed want of genius as his youth. He therefore resolved to apply himself to some particular study, and soon fixed upon that of music. His principal instructors were Gasparini and Antonio Lotti. In the year 1716, the birth of the first son of the Emperor Charles the Sixth was celebrated at Vienna with great magnificence; and on this occasion a serenata composed by Benedetto Marcello was performed there with great applause. Marcello's compositions are very numerous. Two of his cantatas, *Il Timeteo* and *La Cassandra*, have been much admired. He wrote also a *mass* which is celebrated. This was performed for the first time in the church of Santa Maria della Celestia, on the daughter of his brother taking the veil in that monastery. He likewise set to music the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, the *Miserere*, and the *Salve*. These, with many other sacred compositions, he gave to the Church of Santa Sophia, and was himself at the pains of instructing the singers in the manner in which they were to be performed. In the year 1724, appeared the first four parts of a *Paraphrase of the Psalms*, in Italian, by Giustiniani, set to music for one, two, and three voices, by Marcello; and in the course of the two following years four parts, including in the whole the first fifty psalms, were published. In the prefatory address of the poet and composer, the nature of the work is explained. Of the paraphrase they state, that the original text is as closely followed as possible, and that the verse is of various metres and without rhyme. Of the music it is observed, that as the subject required the words and sentiments to be clearly and properly expressed, it is for the most part adapted to two voices only. The writer says, however that it may and ought to be sung by a great number of voices, agreeably to the practice mentioned in the sacred writings, of psalms and hymns being sung by many companies and choruses. There are introduced into the work several of the most ancient and best known intonations of the Hebrews, which are still sung by Jews, and are a species of music peculiar to that people. These (which, for want of a better word, we must call *chants*), he says he has sometimes accompanied according to the artificial practice of the moderns; as he has also done by certain *cantilenas* of the ancient Greeks. The latter, he informs us, he has interpreted with the utmost diligence, and by the help of Alypius and Gaudentius, reduced them to modern practice. To those mysterious and emphatic sentences, in which the royal prophet has denounced the terrors of divine justice, Marcello has adapted a peculiar kind of music, a modulation, as he calls it, in the *madrigalese* style, with a commixture of the diatonic and chromatic genera. In doing this, he compares his labours to those of a pilot who, in a wide and tempest-

tuous ocean, avails himself of every wind that may conduct him to his port, yet, in a long and dangerous voyage, is constrained to vary his course. A few brief directions for the performance of the several compositions, and a modest apology for the defects of the work, conclude this preface; which though written under the influence of strong prejudices, contains an ingenious and learned dissertation on the subject of poetry and music. For a character of the work we must refer to the numerous letters and testimonies of eminent musicians and others, which accompany it. In these it is stated, that some of the music had been adapted to German words, and performed with great applause, in the Cathedral Church of Hamburg; that the Russians had translated the paraphrase into their language, adapting it to the original music of Marcello; that, at Rome, the compositions were held in the highest estimation by all who professed to understand or love music; and that at the palace of Cardinal Ottoboni, there was a musical assembly once a week, in which some of the works of Corelli and one of the psalms of Marcello made constantly a part of the entertainment.

When the news of Marcello's death arrived at Rome, the Pope, as a public testimony of respect for his memory, ordered a solemn musical service to be performed on a day appointed for the usual assembly. The room was hung with black, and the performers and all other persons present were in mourning.

Charles Avison, organist of Newcastle, celebrated the above work of Marcello in his *Essay on Musical Expression*; and issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, an edition revised by himself. The execution of this design devolved, however, upon Mr. John Garth, of Durham, who adapted suitable words from our own prose translation of the psalms to the music; and, by the assistance of a numerous subscription, the work was completed and published in eight folio volumes. Several specimens of Marcello's psalms are to be found in Steven's Sacred Music; and parts of his fourth and seventh psalms, arranged for keyed instruments, are inserted in Dr. Crotch's selections. From the extent of his studies, it might be supposed that Marcello devoted himself wholly to a life of ease and retirement. This, however, was not the case. He held several honourable posts in the state, and, as a zealous and active magistrate, was ever ready to contribute his share of attention and labour towards the support of the government under which he lived. He was, for many years, a judge in one of the Councils of Forty; but from thence he was removed to the charge of proveditor of Pola, and afterwards was appointed to the office of chamberlain or treasurer of the city of Brescia. He died at this place in the year 1739, and was buried in the Church of the Minor Observants of St. Joseph's of Brescia.

Marcello left behind him, in manuscript, a *Treatise on Proportions*, another on the *Musical System*, and a third on the *Harmonical Concords*, with a great number of poetical compositions. His printed works inserted in the Dutch catalogues were "VI. Sonate à Violoncello solo e Basso continuo, Opera Prima; XII. Sonate à flauta solo e Basso continuo, Opera Seconda; and VI. Sonate à tre, due Violoncello, o due Viole da Gamba, e Violoncello Basso continuo" called "*Opera Seconda*." Mr. Avison has asserted that the psalms of Marcello contain the most perfect assemblage of the grand, the beautiful, and the pathetic in music, that had ever been known; yet there have not been wanting men of sound judgment and great skill, who assert that their general levity renders them more adapted to private entertainment than the service of the

church. That they abound in evidences of a fertile imagination, improved to a high degree by study, all persons must allow; but whoever will contemplate that style of music which in the purest ages, has been thought best adapted to excite devout affections, and understands what is meant in music by the epithets sublime and pathetic, will be apt to entertain a doubt whether these can, with greater propriety, be applied to them than to many less celebrated compositions.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The play-house prices having continued to fill the theatre during the past week, another series of five performances were given during the present week, and have proved as attractive as the former. The only novelties of the late performance have been the appearance of Cruvelli in two new characters, Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and Amina in *Sonnambula*—the last named, her first performance in London.

In 1848, Cruvelli's Rosina was considered one of her best impersonations, and it is not to be supposed but that Cruvelli's Rosina in 1851, with her powers matured, her experience quadrupled, her judgment confirmed, and her taste refined, would have been an improvement on her first essay. Admirable as Cruvelli's Rosina was when we first criticised it, it may be pronounced now as a first rate performance, brilliant in vocalisation, and replete with vivacity and *naïveté* in the acting. The value of Cruvelli's splendid voice was manifested in a high degree in Rossini's music, which being written for a *mezzo soprano*, requires fullness and power to give it due effect. The only fault we have to find with Cruvelli's singing in Rosina is the too lavish use of ornaments, and those not always consonant to the character of the music. The "*Una voce*," for instance, though a dashing and energetic vocal display, did not altogether satisfy us. We should have liked less embellishment and more certainty. In other respects the Rosina was entirely worthy of the fair singer. In the duet "*Dunque io son*," the trio "*Ah! qual colpo*;" and more especially the quintet "*Freddo ed immobile*"—in which we heard for the first time at this theatre, since Alboni sang it, the music of Rossini rightly given—the text was rigidly preserved, and the ensemble benefited in consequence. In short, bating the liberties taken with the "*Una voce*," which we must confess verged as much on the extravagant as those of Malibran in old times, and of Persiani and Sontag later, the new Rosina may be welcomed as one of the best on the present stage. With regard to the freedoms taken with "*Una voce*" it seems to have been the opinion with some of the greatest singers—among others the greatest of all, Malibran—that Rossini's melody was an excellent frame work on which to hang their embroideries; and as such merely they have used it. But with deference to all these embroiderers of Rossini—these gilders of refined gold—we prefer the melody with all its native adornments (and they are not stinted), more particularly ever since we heard Alboni, who without altering a note produced a far greater effect in the "*Una voce*" than any singer we ever heard—not excepting Malibran or Persiani, who thought more of their own ingenious fancies and devices than the text of the composer. Their only excuse was that the "*Una voce*" was hackneyed to death, and that with anything so used up it was necessary to introduce ornaments and cadences to profusion. Our answer is, such a melody as "*Una voce*" cannot be hackneyed. "*A thing of beauty is joy for ever*."

Another novelty in the cast of the *Barbiere* was the Figaro of Lorenzo, who, always obliging and ready, undertook, without being ready, the part of the intriguing barber, in the absence of Signor Ferranti. Had Signor Lorenzo had time to study the music, we have little doubt, from the zeal and vivacity he displayed, both in his acting and singing, but that his Figaro, spite of the serious drawback of his voice not being sufficiently high, nor sufficiently flexible, would have been an adequate and recognisable performance. Signor Lorenzo deserves the greatest credit for the promptitude and boldness with which he accepts any character which may be allotted to him in the *repertoire*. He is undoubtedly one of the most useful members of Mr. Lumley's troupe.

Signor Balanchi, as might have been expected, took a different view of Doctor Bartolo from Lablache. His performance, indeed, was a very serious one. Perhaps, when he gets a little more used to the part, he may be induced to project into it the smallest amount of comedy.

On Saturday, the *Sonnambula* was given for the first time with Cruvelli, and was repeated on Tuesday. The great success achieved by Cruvelli led to this. A more thorough and legitimate success we have seldom, if ever, witnessed. Had the performance taken place in the heart of the season, we are inclined to think, the *Sonnambula*, with Cruvelli as Amina, would have proved the great feature of the year. As it is, it is much to be lamented, for the sake of the manager, for the sake of the public, doubly for the sake of the artist.

Cruvelli's Amina is altogether an original conception. She takes a view of the character different from that of all her predecessors, from Malibran, through the whole range of minorities, down to Grisi, Persiani, Lind, and Sontag. In the first act this contradistinction is especially observable. We need hardly say that Malibran's version of Amina is that which has been imitated by all subsequent impersonators of the somnambulist; but the overwhelming joyousness and superabundance of animal spirits which, in her acting and singing, appeared to illuminate the whole stage during the first act, was either unattempted or unattained. Cruvelli, on the other hand, seems overpowered by the near approach of her felicity. She enters the scene, smiling certainly, but her smile is dashed, not with a cloud on the brow, but with some inward emotion, which seems to have locked up all gladness in her heart, and refuses to let it wander into light. This feeling is scrupulously preserved throughout the entire scene, more especially when Elvira is present. Even at the very moment she signs the contract, when her happiness may be supposed at its height, there is no display of exultation: the artist draws a strong line of demarcation between hilarity and joy. She gives her hand passively to her lover, and the tremulous tones of the voice, and the half-drooping head, convey, beyond all words, the depth of her emotions. Physiologically speaking, Cruvelli's conception is correct. We learn from the highest medical authorities that the temperament of somnambulists invariably inclines to the melancholic. The slight shadow projected over the joy of Amina in the earlier scenes of *Sonnambula* is, therefore, referable to the highest standard of criticism, nature. But more than this, poetically speaking, Cruvelli's idea is, to our thinking, the right one. Tears, oftener than smiles, are the indications of a heart suffused with joy; and we are inclined to allow little real sentiment to that person who, in the hour of his dearest happiness, inflates his cheek with laughter, and varies his action with gambols. This may be good schoolboy hilarity at the renewal of the holidays, but it could scarcely, with poetical justice, be ascribed to one whose cup of earthly happiness was overflowing. At the same

time it must be conceded that Malibran's conception was the most striking and effective. With the eye of a great artist she perceived how necessary contrasts were to dramatic effects, and she purposely heightened the mirthfulness of the first scenes to bring out the tragic ones with more force. We shall not pause to consider whether, for the sake of aiming at the principal ends of stage performance, an artist is justified in overstepping the limits, if not the modesty, of nature. We shall leave that to more cunning casuists than we are. Such certainly has been done by most of the greatest actors and singers the stage has seen.

In the second act what is principally required is the power of representing strong passions, and in this we consider all the modern Aminas to have signally failed. In fact, up to the present moment, dating from Malibran, no singer, who has undertaken the part of Amina, has had sufficient tragic powers to realise the idea of the poet and the musician. It must be remembered that *Sonnambula* was written expressly for Pasta, when that great tragedian was in the zenith of her fame; and that it was acknowledged to have been Malibran's most wonderful effort. Malibran was equally as great a tragic actress as Pasta, but, in addition, she was a far greater comic actress, and thus her Amina was incomparably the best of the two. It seems somewhat strange that after passing through the hands of the two loftiest tragic artists of the operatic stage, Amina should have descended, apparently as a matter of right, to second rate tragic artists, or to artists without any tragic pretensions whatsoever. Jenny Lind's Amina, as a piece of acting, was passionless, and therefore, to us, was always, to a certain extent, deficient. However exquisitely beautiful and finished her singing might have been, there was no illusion, no abstraction in her acting; the mere art was ever too apparent. The same, in a still greater degree, may be affirmed of Persiani and Sontag, and other Aminas too numerous to mention.

As it appears to us, after having witnessed two performances, Cruvelli in Amina, as in Fidelio, is the only legitimate successor of Malibran. Despite the difference above noted, the resemblance between the two assumptions is striking in the main. The same tragic view of the character taken, and the same energetic means employed; the same passion and the same power displayed; and the whole conception on a larger and a grander scale than what we have been accustomed to witness, lead to this conclusion. If we add to this, that Cruvelli's voice, in its extent, volume, and quality, bears a great similarity to that of Malibran, we think we may close the parallel without violence.

In the recitative, "Care Compagne," and the first movement of the grand scena, "Come per me sereno," we were hardly prepared for what was to follow. Cruvelli was anxious—if not nervous—and tried, perhaps, to accomplish too much. Occasionally we should have desired more finish in a cadenza, and less contrast of tone. The *cabaletta*, however, was sufficient to make amends for a thousand such minor deficiencies. It was magnificently and brilliantly sung, and treated with admirable skill. One only attempted effect we should have wished away; viz., the dwelling too long on a low note towards the end; which certainly did not attune with such superb singing as was manifested throughout the movement. This practice of showing off the low notes should be carefully eschewed. They would tell much better if they were given less pointedly.

Of the second act of *Sonnambula* we can speak in terms of unqualified praise, and pronounce it Sophie Cruvelli's masterpiece. From the first moment of starting from her sleep in the Count's bed, to the despair of the finale, her singing and

acting were equally powerful, truthful, and intense. Indeed there were many passages which we are quite certain Malibran herself never surpassed. Of these we may cite the lines;

"Oh! Crudo istante!

Deh! — m' 'udite — io rea non sono."

which were given with prodigious power, and in heart-rending tones. The effect of this scene upon a cold and unused audience was unmistakable. At the fall of the curtain Cruvelli was called for three times, and received with deafening cheers.

The chief points in the third act were the "Ah! non credea amarti," and the rondo finale. The prayer,

"Gran dio!

Non mirar il mio pianto."

may be said to lie open to the same objection as the recitative and first movement of the opening cavatina. An occasional want of finish was observable. We never heard the "Ah! non credea" more exquisitely or more perfectly given—neither by Malibran, nor by Jenny Lind. The intonation was so faultless throughout, the quality of the *mezza voce* voice so delicious, the expression so pure and so touching, that the singing, without the least exaggeration, might have been pronounced divine. Sophie Cruvelli made her way instantaneously—that is, if she had not made it before—to the heart of every hearer by this eloquent and most pathetic appeal. The famous "Ah non giunge" was an overwhelming burst of joyousness, vocalised with exceeding brilliancy, and rendered with a warmth of colouring which can only be attempted by a voice of the calibre and quality of Cruvelli. Here every part of the voice was used with admirable effect, the highest and lowest notes being introduced without the least effort, and an encore was the inevitable consequence. The curtain again went down amid reiterated cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from all parts of the house, and Cruvelli was again summoned three times to receive the enthusiastic demonstrations of the audience. To conclude, Cruvelli's Amina must be placed beside her Fidelio and her Norma, and in the estimation of some, will rank before either.

Of Calzolari's Elvino we have spoken so frequently that it is unnecessary to say more here, than that it displayed his usual perfection of singing, and indifference of acting. We can hardly forgive the admirable tenor for displaying so little fire in such a part, and with such an Amina.

Signor Lorenzo's Count Rudolpho is commendable for its gentlemanlike deportment, and the careful manner in which the popular air, "As I view these scenes so charming," was rendered.

Mademoiselle Feller makes the prettiest and most Count-captivating of Lisas, and, moreover, sings the music well.

The band and chorus, under the strenuous exertions of Balfe, are to be commended mightily. They are perfectly at home in Bellini's music.

Dramatic Intelligence.

ADELPHI.—On Monday last, long before the curtain rose, this theatre was not only crowded to the ceiling—as the phrase goes—but packed even to the very lobbies with the friends and admirers of a lady who has won the applause of the public by her talent and energy in the direction of the most popular theatre in London, and secured the esteem and admiration of all who are fortunate enough to know her in private life, by her uniform affability and kindness. In a word, the crowd that was gathered within the walls of the Adelphi on the

evening mentioned, had come to bid a heart-felt adieu to MADAME CELESTE, previous to her departure for the United States of America, where she purposes giving a series of farewell performances. The pieces selected for Monday evening were *The Queen's Secret*, *Flying Colours*, and one act of the celebrated *Green Bushes*. Any attempt to criticise Madame Celeste's rendering of the heroines of these three productions would be a piece of mere superfluity on our part—they are all as familiar in the minds of the public as household words—suffice it to say, that the fair *beneficiaire* played as she—and only she can play this style of character, and more than earned the thunders of applause which greeted her exertions throughout the evening, and the showers of bouquets lavished on her at the fall of the curtain.

The following was the address delivered by the fair lessee, before parting from her friends.

Ladies and Gentlemen, my kind, good, indulgent patrons, it is with feelings of gratitude beyond my power of expression that I appear before you, to bid you for a time adieu.

To this country, so generous in its sympathies to the stranger, wherever born, I owe my present proud position, for you gave a value by your golden opinions to that little talent my warm-hearted American friends discovered and encouraged. My direction of this theatre, through the liberality of the Manager and the affectionate zeal of the company, has been a labour of love and if you appear as the nightly evidence, I feel I am repaid beyond my deserts.

No occasion ought I to omit—especially such a one as this, with their flattering eulogiums so newly locked in my memory—to thank the press collectively and individually. Without them the actor's calling would cease to be an art.

Nothing, Ladies and Gentlemen, could take me from you but a duty of gratitude I owe to those in the New World, who first took me by the hand; and I should not think I had done that duty, if I did not visit them again and with respect and love take a long, a lasting leave.

Ladies and Gentlemen, my heart is too full to say more than with all my heart I thank you, and with all my heart I bid you adieu.

After the conclusion of the performance, the members of the company assembled in the green-room, and Mr. Paul Bedford, in the name of his comrades, presented Madame Celeste with a most elegant bracelet as a small token of the respect and admiration, with which she has inspired everyone who has any relation with her in her capacity as a manageress. Madame Celeste returned thanks in appropriate terms, and thus ended an evening which will long be remembered in the Adelphi annals.

Mr. J. Silsbee, an American delineator of "Yankee eccentricities," who made his first appearance on Tuesday night, is probably the best actor of his class ever seen by a London public. Mr. Hill, whose line of character he adopts, was smart and lively, but small in his style, whereas Mr. Silsbee's humour is large, unctuous, and broad. He is grave without being dry, and the solemnity of his countenance, as abundant Yankeeisms roll from his tongue, is one of his most amusing peculiarities. Nature has done much in qualifying him for a low comedian. His face is large, and capable in itself of exciting the risible muscles, and his thick-set figure is susceptible of the most ludicrous make up. His dialect is the broadest that has yet been heard, and his articulation is so rapid that, though he has a sonorous voice, great attention is required to catch the whole of his words. His effect on the audience was immense. A roar greeted his entrance, and a roar accompanied him throughout his performance. This is of itself an evidence of rare merit, for Yankee peculiarities have almost been done to death, and with an inferior actor would be all but intolerable.

In Mr. Silsbee's manner there is, however, such evident originality that he imparts freshness to a school of drollery which was fast becoming ineffective. The piece in which he plays, and which is entitled *The Forest Rose and the Yankee Ploughboy*, is not ill-written, as far as regards the part assumed by Mr. Silsbee, a 'cute rustic in the vicinity of New York, who knows everything, particularly the art of love-making, and keeps a shop at which everything is sold. He tells droll stories, he has an overwhelming stock of the class of metaphor called Johnathanisms, he coaxes the unwary out of small sums, and he dances furiously in the Cape Cod Reel, a wild Terpsichorean exhibition, which was enthusiastically encored. But the portion of the piece in which this one character is not set forth is meager in the extreme, an imitation apparently of the half-sentimental farce, of which we have a specimen in the venerable *Turnpike Gate*. If the work were so trimmed as to make it approach as near to a monologue as possible, the improvement would be very great. At the conclusion, Mr. Silsbee, in answer to an universal call, made his appearance, and delivered a short speech, in which he still retained his Yankee manner. He expressed his gratitude for the warm reception he had met, apologized for a cold, hoping to be "stronger and slicker" another time, and wound up with a general benediction amid renewed shouts of applause.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Harley's benefit, which took place on Wednesday night, was made the occasion for reviving Mr. Morton's *Town and Country*, a play which belongs to the class of "acting dramas," but which is not very familiar to modern playgoers.

Town and Country is by no means a bad specimen of the sort of drama that was considered a legitimate comedy some forty years ago. The broad principle is laid down that fashion and vice are synonymous terms; the country is made the seat of innocence, and a gentleman who takes a rural trip from the Western Metropolis is necessarily a mischievous fiend, issuing from certain pandemonia called "clubs." Virtue is not content to act, but loves to talk, and the honest personages of the drama put vice out of countenance in good set speeches, which no situation of passion or perplexity can deprive of an ample proportion of metaphor. A plain-dressed gentleman knocks at your door, and while you are pondering who he is, he edifies you with an abstract dissertation on the advantages of an honest heart or the importance of the social duties. Every word he utters is carefully picked; he never opens his mouth but out flies a trope; nevertheless, you clasp him to your heart as a personation of rectitude. They certainly revered virtue, did the dramatists fifty years ago. They beautified her, they dressed her out, they set her up as a conventional idol, with which they attacked conventional vices, likewise creatures of their own brain. Even in the "funny" parts of the play virtue was still triumphant, and the public was taught to laugh triumphantly when the sophisticated townsman was beaten in a passage of wit by the less sophisticated rustic. Polished sarcasm belonged to the wicked town, "cuteness" was the intelligent side of provincial virtue.

We do not treat things in this way now. We do not divide society into two categories, of simple virtue and accomplished rascality, and conceive we are teaching a grand moral lesson. Hence, a piece like *Town and Country* will appear strange to many who are not familiar with the conventions of their fathers. The abduction of Rosalie Somers, and the consequent distress of her lover Reuben Glenroy, would now be matter for two acts; a few more visible effects would make a domestic melodrama of what was once called a comedy, and the studied oration on the beauty of virtue

would be condensed into a few pungent lines. All would be treated differently from beginning to end.

Nevertheless, the piece has a technical merit, which can still give it vitality, when it is taken in hand by a company of varied talent. It employs a great number of actors in distinct parts, and the qualities of these may be leisurely observed, while they work out a simple but not uninteresting plot. The dialogue was not meant to be read, but to be heard; the piece was written for the stage, not the closet, and the author always had the performers filling up in his mind. Hence the great success of *Town and Country* last night. Written to afford opportunities of histrionic talent, it was sustained by a company who completely met the exigencies of the occasion. Not a part was weakly played. Reuben's set speeches sounded antiquated, but his temporary madness, and his burst of brotherly love in the midst of anger, were finely rendered by Mr. Charles Kean. Rosalie has not much to say or do, but by her air of touching simplicity Mrs. Charles Kean could endow her with interest. Cossey, the warm citizen, the best written part in the piece, who detests alike the country and the west end, and who is so well stocked and withal so liberal with ready cash, that one marvels he does not discharge the national debt in a patriotic freak of benevolence, is acted with such glowing heartiness by Mr. Addison that the audience feel a personal friendship for him before the play is done. And so on with the minor characters, including a very trivial manufacturer, named Trot, whom Mr. Harley, notwithstanding it was his benefit, modestly selected for himself. Rarely, indeed, do we see a piece better acted than this *Town and Country* at the Princess's Theatre; and when the audience called heartily for Mr. Harley and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, it was a spontaneous acknowledgment of two hours' enjoyment.

The abridged version of the *Honeymoon* followed, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean played with their wonted spirit, while Mr. Harley represented the Mock Duke with infinite humour.

The house was completely crowded in every part.

SURREY.—It is, we understand, Mr. Shepherd's intention to continue the Opera Season here until Christmas, and the temperature of public feeling, as manifested by the uniform state of the house, seems amply to justify his purpose. The production of *Linda di Chamouni* has been as successful as any novelty of the season. The music of this opera is, like most of the author's works, of a mixed character. Without an approach to the imaginative or creative powers, it contains a good deal of what is pretty and graceful, mingled however with quite the usual portion of common place. One of the most pleasing things in the opera is Linda's first song—the well known "O luce di quest'anima," and the work possesses a large share of popularity, and being far less difficult and elaborate than Mozart's operas the execution was all the more satisfactory. The part of Linda requires great physical power in the artiste. Miss Romer's voice is not quite what it used to be, but enough of its qualities remains to enable her to get through her task with efficiency. The Surrey audiences are enthusiastic—Miss Romer was encored both in the duet with Carlo and in that with Pierotto. The latter part, which was given to Miss Poole, is hardly worthy of her; but she sang with her usual taste and delicacy, and acted with the truth and simplicity which are natural to her. Mr. Travers, as Carlo, sung with his usual energy and discrimination. Borroni was the Antonio. Mr. D. Corri, the Marquis, and Herr Kuzler, the Curé. This last named gentleman has a barytone voice of good quality and considerable power, and sings

with the confidence and self-possession of a good musician. Shall we have *Figaro*, Mr. Shepherd?

MARY-LE-BONE.—The performance of *Guy Mannering* drew together a tolerably large audience here on Monday. We cannot, as yet, announce any of those improvements in the orchestra and chorus at the necessity of which we have already hinted, and which are so very needful to ensure certain and permanent success. Mrs. Donald King, however, sings as nicely and looks as pretty and lady-like as in fact she cannot help doing, and the piece being, histrionically, very fairly played, may repay a visit to the theatre.

A PLEA FOR OPERATIC BASSES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The destruction of one opera is so like another in the present day, that I presume we may as well consider the model to be firmly established, and any attempt to improve it almost hopeless. Nevertheless, as it is the duty of every person interested in the progress of the art, freely to deliver his opinions upon all matters connected with it, I have little doubt that when I state my object to be the fostering of a spirit of good feeling, my observations will not only be read with the greatest degree of interest, but I shall be presented with the unanimous thanks both of the musical profession and the public at large. I have observed lately, with much regret, that the principal tenor of an opera is almost invariably the successful lover; he it is who basks in the sunny smiles of the *prima donna*; whilst the bass is too often made painfully to feel his situation as the rejected lover, and compelled to groan out his hopeless passion in rocky passes or dreary caverns. During the whole progress of the opera, the happy tenor has little to do but to make love and enjoy himself. Sometimes he is rowing in a gondola, and sometimes serenading in a garden; sometimes transported by unknown hands to a fairy palace, and sometimes banqueting in a moonlit grove. In every situation he is the favoured individual; and, whilst many of the characters are buffeted about by fortune, he generally contrives between singing, flirting, and feasting on the good things of this life, to spend a very pleasant time of it.

Meanwhile, however, the poor bass leads the life of any dog. If he be a lover, he is generally rejected in the first scene; and to add insult to injury, the tenor, in the pride of his superiority, is very apt to hasten his departure by some such phrase as "Tyrant begone!" which being very high, and delivered with the chest voice, is extremely likely to get a round of applause. There is a limit to all human endurance, and if moral men with bass voices do turn out villains after the first scene, I can't wonder at it. Having once vowed vengeance against the tenor, by touching the hilt of his sword, the poor bass must now give up the last claim to sentiment. He is usually to be seen surrounded by a number of suspicious looking gentlemen, who are extremely partial to drink, and who, in a grand chorus, declare their determination to stick to him to the last. He now generally appears enveloped in a cloak, and—although he has forfeited all hope of the friendship of respectable people—for the sake of his voice in the concerted music, he is allowed to sneak in at the back, where he often creates much effect by imaginary stabs at the tenor, after the manner of the warriors at the fairs, who never thrust at each other save upon the accented portions of the bar.

I have thought much upon this subject, and cannot be made to see that gentleman with dark whiskers and bass voices should be thus discouraged in their amours. It is true that the stage is but a mimic representation of life, but, if such things are allowed to be continually placed before a public audience, who knows but they may prove extremely prejudicial to the rising generation? The notion may eventually so take possession of the people, that the claims of suitors shall be estimated by the compass of their voices; and a good tenor *à la poitrine* be equivalent to a round sum at the banker's. Happy tenors may marry and rear up families,

whilst despised basses may go to their graves unpitied and forlorn. Many persons may say that a bass voice is necessary in an opera, and that those who happen to possess one are sure of receiving a good salary in an establishment devoted to music. This is true; but it is my wish that all principal singers should be placed on an equality; and, in consideration of the degradation to which basses are continually subjected, I would suggest that the scale of salary should be regulated by the pitch of the voice, and that tenors should consequently be contented to receive less money, on account of their enviable situation amongst other vocalists. It is true that this might sometimes occasion absurd attempts to alter the pitch of voices; for whilst a sentimental bass would endeavour to force his voice upwards, in order to make love successfully, a grovelling, money-grubbing tenor might try to pass for a bass, for the sake of the superior salary.

These, however, are mere minor objections; and where a great principle is to be carried out, such infinitesimal matters should not be allowed to influence us. My object is to create good feeling among vocalists! and I have no hesitation in declaring that whilst tenors are allowed, by the mere force of a certain quality of voice, to secure to themselves the smiles of every pretty *prima donna* they may meet with, it is not to be expected operatic companies should ever exhibit that sociability which alone can secure a perfect *tout ensemble*. Good-looking young men will disguise a bass voice as carefully as they would disguise a gray hair, and we shall at length be compelled to circulate hand-bills for "a number of dashing young men to complete an operatic corps," as we now do for the purpose of completing some indefinite military corps, and I verily believe with about as much success. As it sometimes defeats the object intended to be too minute in a remedy which may be suggested for an existing evil, I merely throw out a few hints which perhaps may prove useful to others; and I need scarcely say that it will give me great pleasure to read any letter which the foregoing observations may call forth from my musical readers.

SARONI.

Foreign.

BERGAMO.—The new opera of Verdi, *Il Rigoletto*, has not been well received by the public of this town, although executed by artists of eminence. As the first act was found barren in melody, and the second more than usually sparing in the overpowering unison effects, for which the grand maestro is renowned, the public would not listen to the third act of *Rigoletto*, but demanded *Luisa Müller* with one voice in its place. The *prima donna*, who was hissed in *Rigoletto*, and overwhelmed by so unkind a reception, was raised to the skies in the substituted opera, and so delighted were the public, that they persisted in fêting her after the performance outside the theatre, and accompanied her all the way home to her residence.

MARSEILLES.—Madame Charton, well known as the popular *prima donna* of Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique*, has been giving representations at the grand theatre here with the utmost success. She made her first appearance on the 3rd of September, in Halévy's opera, *Mousquetaires de la Reine*. After the first few bars the audience applauded so loudly, and with such unanimity, that Madame Charton was compelled for some minutes to desist from singing. During the whole of the opening air, the applause was continued, and at the end Madame Charton was compelled to reappear. On the repetition of the same opera her success was still greater—she was twice recalled—and the administration of bouquets plentiful. Her third appearance was in Thomas's opera buffon, *Le Caid*, in which she accomplished a complete triumph. Owing to inefficient performance, this opera had made a *fiasco* two years ago at Marseilles, and the director had abandoned it as not likely to please the public.

The enthusiasm of the audience, however, after Madame Charton's performance, has completely restored the *Caid*, which is now likely to remain a stock opera at the theatre. Among the bouquets which were thrown to Madame Charton at the end of the performance, was one so large that she could scarcely carry it. Her next operas were the *Lucia* and the *Domino Noir*, in both of which she was equally successful. In short, Madame Charton has created a complete furor in Marseilles.

BOULOGNE.—The celebrated Lola Montes appeared on three successive nights at the theatre, and attracted immense audiences. Her performances and talents have been criticised in a variety of ways. Certainly, her long absence from the stage has not improved her dancing; nor has time added to her charms. "According to announcement in our last number," says the *Boulogne Gazette*, "a lady, who has played a part more or less justly celebrated in the political and choregraphical world, Madame Lola Montes, has made her appearance on the humble boards of the Boulogne Theatre. Yes; Lola, now Countess of Lansfeld; Lola, the King's mistress; Lola, the cause of a revolution; Lola, the authoress; Lola, once possessed of endless wealth, now humbled; she it is whom we see bound into the midst of a party of villagers and peasants tastefully grouped upon the stage. But, alas! where are those fascinating charms that have captivated so many? The woman who has obtained notoriety at such fearful cost, stands before us divested of them now—her beauty faded, her limbs devoid of elasticity—the humblest ballet dancer would display more grace, more elegance in her profession. No, Lola, deceive not thyself! No rich costume, no silk or satin, no art or science will ever screen the ravages which a life like thine has made on thy person; nor think again thou hast only to command to bring vassals to thy feet. Thou art going to the New World. Go—thou leavest not a regret.... Strange.... All condemned; yet all rushed to behold—what?... It is not fame as a dancer that the countess had to depend on—of this she must be aware—it is, we blush to say it, the unenviable reputation she has acquired in the *beau monde* that was the attraction."—The above I think much exaggerated. Lola Montes was never acknowledged a dancer of any pretensions; but, nevertheless, there was a novelty about her *pas* which recommended them, and which appears to me to be still sufficiently attractive to rescue it from entire condemnation. I think the critic might have spared his blushes, and not be the worse critic after all. However, toleration cannot be expected from one who exhibits so much ignorance in writing.

The *Société Philharmonique* gave a very brilliant concert at the theatre lately. Madame Sabatier (one of the most popular of Parisian drawing-room singers), Mademoiselle Graumann, and the inimitable boy-violinist, Paul Jullien, were among the executants. Madame Sabatier pleased amazingly, and was encored in both her airs. Paul Jullien astonished everybody. There were a number of amateurs and connoisseurs present, who expressed in unqualified terms their admiration and surprise at such powers in one so very young.

The illustrious composer of the *Prophete* is still here, and has quite recovered from his late indisposition. He will shortly leave us for Spa, in Belgium, where he goes to take the Baths.

DRESDEN.—Herr Reichart is engaged at the Opera here as principal tenor. He is a great favourite with the public. The local journals speak in the highest terms of his voice and of his singing, extolling no less warmly his talent as an actor.

NAPLES.—Pacini, the well known composer is here, preparing a new opera for the San Carlo. During the Carnival, Adelaide Cortesi is to be the *prima donna assoluta* at the San Carlo, and Liverani the *primo tenore*. The lady will, it is supposed, come out either as Norma, or as Medea, in Pacini's opera, of that name; the gentleman will debut as Edgardo (*Lucio*), with Bendazzi, as "protagonista." At the Fondo, Borghi, Agresti, De Bassini, and Luzio are engaged for the Carnival. Borghi, who is a *contralto*, will make her entry in *Cenerentola*. A new ballet *Il matrimonio per lotteria*, has been brought out with considerable success; a *pas de trois* for the two Merantes (husband and wife) and the Danish dancer, Izzo, is much admired, especially a *saltarello*, the music of which is by Giaquinto, a "maestro" unknown to fame.

VIENNA.—It is confidently stated that the celebrated singer of *Musica Tedesca*, Mdlle. Wagner, has been engaged by the most determined and enterprising of *impresarij* for the next London season. Mademoiselle Wagner will be doubly welcome, since she will come to us laden with the *partition* of Meyerbeer's long and fiercely anticipated *opera grandia*, entitled *L'Africain*, which, we understand, that distinguished diplomatist and *grandissimo amico degli artisti*, il dottore B * * * (*Aus Wien*), with consummate ingenuity (*con immensa astutizia*), among other less important, and other (if possible) more important (*per hercle!*) matters, has effected for the fashionable temple of the muses, bounded on the north by Charles-street, on the south by Pall-mall, on the east by the Haymarket, and on the west by Regent-street. This season the cry has been at (Wien) "Mr. * * * has eleven *prime donne* and only one "ultima donna." Fischhof joined the cry—Fischhof, recently appointed principal of our *conservatoire*—Fischhof, the same who played Bach's Fugues, and got up a Bach Society—Fischhof, he with whom Vincent Wallace confarreated when he came to Vienna to bring out his *Maritana*—Fischhof, whose aspirations are addressed to the "Columns," and the tendency of whose *esprit* is not merely Bacchic (*non lege*, Bacchic), but panto-classic—Fischhof, who, despatched to London to represent the interests of Vienna at the Crystal Palace, pricked down his views thereof in goodly Teutonic on *papyrus*, and published them, incontinent, in his native city—Fischhof, whom not to know is not to know Fischhof, whom everybody knows (at Wien)—Fischhof joined in the cry—"Mr. * * * has eleven *prime donne* and only one *ultima donna!*" Now, however, that Doctor B * * *, the infinitely circulating, has put his foot in the pie, it is the general conviction at Wien that the cry will be next season, "Mr. * * * has twenty-two *prime donne*, and but two *ultime donne*"—and Fischhof will join in the cry—Fischhof, who Vincent Wallace, &c., &c., &c. For it is known here, that Doctor * * * 's system is to engage everybody at first hearing, from Gazzaniga, who could not save Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto* at Bergamo, to Schwartz, who has lost her voice. The twenty-two *prime donne* may conveniently be placed in a row, like twenty-two candles placed in a row, and snuffed out alternately. VIVAT REGINA!—(From our own Correspondent.)

ENGLISH GLEES.—By our advertisement sheet we perceive that the English Glee and Madrigal Union, which met with such deserved success this season at Willis' Rooms, are about to undertake a tour in the Southern and Midland Counties, under the direction of Mr. Edward Laud. Their first concert will take place on Tuesday evening, at Brighton.

Reviews of Music.

"CAN A BOSOM SO GENTLE REMAIN?" A Glee for Five Voices. Words by SHENSTONE. Music by Miss LAURA W. BARKER. J. Alfred Novello.

Whatever comes from the pen of Miss Barker must be received with welcome, and considered with respect. The present glee, in E flat for five voices, whereof two sopranos, is, as is customary with Miss Barker, quite independent of any preceding model, and consequently entirely her own. The opening subject, *moderato*, is bold, and the independent treatment of dissonance in the last bar, at the bottom of the page, is new, although, perhaps, it surprises more than pleases. The second part, in G minor, is quaint and effective, and leads back naturally to a cadence in the first key. The episode, page 5, which begins in B flat and modulates into E flat minor with excellent effect, is written with great care and very elaborately for the voices. After this, the first part is resumed *notatim*.

We admire this glee: first, for its originality; secondly, for the musical knowledge it displays—rare in an amateur, and still rarer in a lady amateur, and recommend it to all Glee Fellowships in general, as something at once good and new.

"AS I SAW FAIR CLORA"—GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES—HENRY TOLHURST. C. Jefferys.

Mr. Tolhurst, evidently a well-trained harmonist, and not without a good ear for rhythm, and a certain vein of tune, has in the present glee successfully imitated the style of the elder madrigalian writers. In one or two places, moreover, he has carried his love for them so far, that he has, so to speak, embraced their ideas. He also stoutly adheres to a peculiarity of those writers, which a modern ear does not tolerate so indulgently as the ear Elizabethan, indecision of key, chiefly declared in a certain quaint and independent march of the harmonic parts, which gives occasionally a sort of abrupt twist to the cadences. This, however, is in strict consonance with the school, and will pass with many as a beauty instead of a blemish. The present madrigal is in the key of A major, for alto, two tenors, and bass. There is great merit in the whole of it, but what pleases us most is the episode, pp. 4, 5, which begins in the key of F sharp minor, but has the same indecision of tonality of which we have complained above, and which, as we have already hinted, by certain enthusiastic admirers of the madrigalian school will be looked upon as beauties, not faults. To conclude, Mr. Tolhurst's glee may be regarded as a really fine example of the school to which it belongs.

"SEVEN PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE"—ROBERT SCHUMANN. Ewer and Co.

Those who are advocates of the school of music, which this celebrated composer is presumed to have founded, will accept these seven little pieces for the pianoforte, as seven *bonnes bouches* for the musical appetite. They possess one very great recommendation, inasmuch as, while most of Herr Schumann's pianoforte music is exceedingly intricate and difficult, setting ordinary talents quite at defiance, they are comparatively easy of execution, and offer excellent means to the aspiring student of making acquaintance with the style of a very eminent master almost unknown in this country. Our own opinion of Herr Schumann's music is so entirely opposed to that of his partizans and admirers, who place him on a level, and, in many instances, above Mendelssohn, that we would rather be spared the task of criticism on the present occasion, since so small an instalment from one of the most prolific and plentiful writers of the day scarcely entitles us to form therefrom anything like a just estimate of his genius and acquirements. *En attendant*, therefore, something more important from the pen of Herr Schumann (with which we understand we shall shortly be favoured by the spirited firm who have issued the publication before us), we shall be satisfied to recommend these seven pieces for the pianoforte *solis* (op. 82), to all who may feel inclined to form a slight acquaintance with the author in anticipation of something later being received into the more hidden recesses of his temple.

"NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION OF MOZART'S FAVORITE SONGS, DUETS AND TRIOS," with the original Italian or German words, and an entirely new English version by W. H. Bellamy. Arranged and adapted from the scores of Mozart, by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY. T. Chappell.

We have found two of the missing numbers of this edition, which we fancied were not sent us, Nos. 6 and 7, which therefore Mr. Chappell need not trouble himself about. These are "Porgi Amor," from the *Nozze di Figaro*, and "Un moto di gioia mi sento," to Mr. Wesley's arrangements of which we have the same praise to accord as to the others. We await, however, with as much alacrity as is convenient, the two missing numbers to complete our set.

"THE BEDFORDSHIRE WALTZES. Jullien and Co.

A lively set of Waltzes; the introduction and No. 1 in E flat, and all the rest, including the coda, in A flat. Variety is certainly not their sin, but they are not without a certain degree of effect.

1. "MAZURKA ELEGANTE,"—POUR LE PIANOFORTE—DÉDIE A MAD. SCHWAB—Ferdinand Praeger.

2. "MELINA"—Valse Gracieuse—Ferdinand Praeger. Cramer, Beale and Co.

No. 1 is a very elegant mazurka in C, with an episode in A minor. No. 2 is a very graceful waltz in F, with episodes in B flat and C. Both are brilliant though easy to play, and both show a tasteful thinker and a musician of acquirement. Such music of this light kind is much too rare, and the more Mr. Praeger writes the better.

"EUTERPEAN POLKA"—J. F. T. Hime (Liverpool), Addison (London), Hime, Neale and Co. (Manchester).

This is a very Euterpean polka in A flat, by a lady.

"MADOLINE"—Ballad—Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves—Written by EDWARD J. GILL—Composed by S. NELSON. A. Moss.

An *andante cantabile*, not without elegance, and the words not without a certain degree of feeling, and if sung, as indicated in the title page, by the most popular of English tenors, cannot fail to obtain all the success it merits.

"'TIS I THAT LOVE HER BEST"—Words by F. C. HALL—Music by M. W. BALFE. Campbell Ransford and Co.

A kind of Serenade, with a serenade melody, and a serenade accompaniment, very pretty, very Balfé, and consequently very likely to be popular.

"THE HEART'S BRIGHT HOME"—Ballad—The Poetry by T. BREAKELL, Esq.—Composed by J. C. VAN MAANEN. Wessel and Co.

The epithet of novelty cannot strictly be awarded either to the poetry of Mr. Breakell, or the music of Mr. Van Maanen; nevertheless, both are well written, and the style of the accompaniment in the music betrays a laudable desire to avoid the common track. The melody, moreover, is both graceful and vocal, and possessing both these qualities, the absence of striking originality may be overlooked. There are many worse songs with more pretensions.

CRUVELLI'S SONNAMBULA.

(From the Times.)

The most crowded of the "extra nights" was that of Saturday, when not a vacant corner could be perceived in the house. The performance was of sufficient interest to demand notice. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli for the first time essayed the character of Amina. Her success was as complete as it was well deserved, and not even her *début* as Leonora, in *Fidelio*, last May, excited greater attention or more unanimous applause. Mlle. Cruvelli's Amina may stand the test of comparison

with that of the most favoured artists who have attempted the part. All the greatest singers, Pasta alone excepted, for whom, nevertheless, the opera was originally composed, have delighted to display their vocal and dramatic talents in the *Sonnambula*, which, if not the finest, is perhaps the most genuine, and certainly the most popular, of Bellini's works. The time can hardly have been forgotten when Malibran and Grisi divided the palm of supremacy—the one at Drury-lane and the other at Her Majesty's Theatre—and simultaneously extorted the homage of their admirers in the same character. Their performances of Amina, though widely different in conception, were equally balanced as examples of powerful execution. When Malibran was gone and Grisi had abandoned the part, Persiani stepped in. The Amina of that accomplished artist will be chiefly remembered for the wonders of florid vocalisation which she lavished on the *cavatina* and the *rondo finale*. The somnambulist of Jenny must be fresh in the memory of every one. The modest retiredness of her acting throughout charmed the audience beyond measure, while her tenderness and consummate singing in the last scene placed Amina among the most perfect and absorbing impersonations of the idolised Swede. Madame Sontag, who has so recently left us, followed with a version essentially her own, remarkable above all for sweetness and grace of expression and faultless accuracy in the vocal ornaments. Alboni's Amina, ranked by her admirers among her most attractive performances, has yet to be heard in London. After such a brilliant galaxy of talent it was no easy task for a young singer to come forward, upon the stage of so many triumphs, in the character which each of these great singers, by some peculiar excellences, may be said to have made her own. That Mdlle. Cruvelli succeeded entirely is another proof of the genius which was recognised from the first, and which she incontestably possesses. Although, since the commencement of the extra representations, she has been playing every night, and not seldom in two operas on the same evening, her voice retains its freshness and her acting its fire. It is the prerogative of youth to endure fatigue; but it would be advisable for the management in the present instance, not to stretch the point too far. Mdlle. Cruvelli's lungs are not of brass, nor her frame of oak, and she has yet to acquire that invaluable art which enables a thoroughly experienced singer to husband her resources, and only lavish them on the most important occasions. Had she this unflinching command of her powers, there would be little more for her to acquire, since it is to the want of it alone that certain errors and imperfections, which occasionally expose her to criticism, are to be traced.

In her conception of Amina, Mdlle. Cruvelli wholly differs from her contemporaries and immediate predecessors, reminding us more forcibly of Malibran than any other performer we remember in the part. As she is too young to have seen that unrivalled artist we can only account for this by something kindred in her nature. Mdlle. Cruvelli's acting in the first scene was both natural and attractive. Her *cavatina*, "Come per me sereno," as it ought to be, a flow of exuberant spirits and a brilliant piece of vocalization in the bargain, at once won the audience to a warm appreciation of its merits. While signing the wedding contract there was a nervousness in Mdlle. Cruvelli's manner indicating that Amina's happiness was almost too great for her to endure, and that she feared each succeeding moment might snatch it away. Nothing could have been more pointedly or charmingly conveyed. In the following duet with Elvino, when the cup of joy is overflowing in the bosom of the young maiden, Mdlle. Cruvelli showed a full intelligence of the situation, and developed it with genuine

truth. Not less effective was the pretty scene of jealousy on the arrival of Count Rudolpho, and the duet, when the lovers are reconciled and take leave of each other, on the eve of their approaching union, upon which the curtain falls. At this point a new and first-rate Amina was unanimously recognised; but the real enthusiasm of the audience was awakened in the second act, when Amina is discovered in the Count's bedroom. The passion and abandon which Mdlle. Cruvelli threw into this situation we have rarely seen surpassed; the despair of Amina, unjustly suspected and cast off by her lover in spite of her tears and agonised intreaties, was powerfully expressed, though without a vestige of exaggeration. The fall of the curtain was the signal for a flattering ovation on the part of the audience, who recalled Mdlle. Cruvelli, and rewarded her with continuous applause. The third act set the seal upon the singer's success. That earnestness of expression which confers a certain stamp of originality upon Mdlle. Cruvelli's physiognomy gave peculiar intensity to the exhibition of somnambulism, which was singularly forcible and impressive throughout. The little passages of byplay, with the faded flowers and the missing ring, were rendered with touching simplicity; and the *adagio* "Ah! non credea mirarti," was delivered with exquisite pathos and a certain tremulousness in the upper tones that rather added to than impaired the beauty of the voice. The "Ah! non giunge" was of course a brilliant display, and at the point, "Ah! m'abbraccia, e sempre insieme," afforded Mdlle. Cruvelli the occasion for giving way to one of those impulsive outbreaks of feeling which, when well placed, are irresistible. The curtain fell amid the loudest applause from all parts of the house, a double recall, with the customary honours, being the appropriate final tribute to a very admirable performance.

Signor Calzolari, who played Elvino, has rarely sung with more elegance and finish. The Rudolpho of Signor Lorenzo, was impaired by a severe cold, which obstinately resisted his otherwise commendable efforts. Mdlle. Feller made a pretty and animated Lisa, and Mr. Balfe, in the orchestra, did all that could possibly be effected to aid the exertions of the singer and insure a successful result.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. By BROTHER JONATHAN W. S. JOHNSON.

This periodical, the first number of which has just been issued is a very neat and elegant work. The letter-press and paper are of the best kind, and much care seems to have been expended in the general arrangement. The cover is emblematic of the American flag, and is well designed and printed in colours. Two illustrations are given: one, in line engraving, an excellent view of the principal front of the Capitol, Washington; the other, a woodcut, a picture of the yacht "America."

The contributions include many of the best American writers. We cannot, however, say how many original articles the new magazine contains, since a contribution from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, who has been dead some months, appears in this number. Most of the articles are admirable. The poem of "the Raven" by Edgar Poe, would alone repay the purchase of the magazine.

It appears, however, as if the Magazine had been got up in haste. Between the frontispiece—the engraving of the Capitol at Washington—and the first page of the text, there is no title-page. This appears bare, and should be amended in the next edition. The contents, too, we think, would look better, in a fly-leaf between the frontispiece and first page. If this periodical be as well conducted in the ensuing numbers, as it is in the present, it cannot fail to command a large patronage.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MY DEAR SIR.—In my report last week of Miss Hill's Concert, I noticed an Irish ballad sung by Mr. Frank Bodda, entitled "*Thady O' Tools*," which I designated a "*tool*" of a thing. Now I suppose your compositor thought that was a vile attempt at a pun, and agreeing with Dr. Johnson, that "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket," struck the word "*tool*" out, and made a "*fool*" of it.

As I imagine neither singer or composer would esteem the latter term a compliment, the favour of your inserting this in next Saturday's "*World*" will oblige and relieve the mind of, my dear Sir,

Yours ever sincerely,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Birmingham, Sep. 24th, 1851.

Miscellaneous.

GLOVER'S "EMMANUEL."—As the time approaches for the performance of this work, public interest increases, and there is now scarcely any doubt of there being a full room on the occasion. By a glance at the list of performers, it will be seen the orchestra will include the very best talent the neighbourhood affords. We may therefore expect the work in this its first performance will have adequate justice done to it by those engaged in its interpretation. We heard several of the pieces given the other evening, and were much pleased with their character—the chorus of "Wise Men" in the first part, and the chorale of the "Disciples," unaccompanied in the second part, we consider worthy of the highest praise. Several of the choruses possess considerable dramatic force; and the melodies throughout have an evenness and sweetness which strongly commend them to our approbation. We understand the committee have generously invited the master and pupils of the Blind Asylum, also several other charities of the town, to be present. We may just note, that it is now nearly two years since an oratorio performance, with orchestral accompaniments, was given in the Free-trade Hall; and we hope the musical amateurs of the neighbourhood will now seize the opportunity of aiding a fellow-townsmen in bringing a work such as this properly before the public. Mr. Glover, since his residence amongst us, has proved himself an artist of great excellence and promise, and he has our best wishes for his success. We subjoin a short analysis of the oratorio for the benefit of our readers. This oratorio embraces the principal events in the life of the Messiah. Part 1 contains, The Annunciation; the Worship of Wise Men; the Murder of the Innocents; the Preaching of John the Baptist; the Baptism of Jesus, by John (during which the angels exclaim, "Touch not the Lord's Anointed," &c.); the continued Preaching of John, and the joyful conclusion by the disciples, "Who is he that shall harm us, the Redeemer is with us." Part 2 contains, The "Beginning of Miracles," and the wonder and joy of the people; the bold faith of Peter expressed in the words, "It is God that girdeth me with strength of War;" the Hymn on the Mount of Olives; the Crucifixion; the "Appearance" to the eleven; the fear and subsequent rejoicing of the disciples; the Ascension (where the angels foretell the Second Advent, and the "gazing" multitude re-echo the strain); the Last Judgment—and the exaltation of Emmanuel "above every name."—*Manchester Examiner*.

CHEAP LITERATURE IN PARIS.—This is verily the age of cheapness. George Sand has consented to allow all her novels to be reprinted for the small charge of four sous, a shade less than twopenny per part, which will make, it appears, about £1 for the whole collection. This popular edition is to be profusely illustrated by eminent artists, and is to be printed and got up in good style. During the last year or two an immense deal of business has been done by three or four publishing houses, in the production of esteemed works at four sous the sheet, of close

yet legible type, excellent paper, and spirited illustrations. By this plan, the humblest working man and the poorest *grisette* have been able to form a very respectable library. Naturally, the works so brought out have been chiefly of the class of light literature, but not a few are of graver character. Amongst the authors whose complete works have been published are, Le Sage, Chateaubriand, Anquetil (the historian), Balzac, Sue, Paul de Kock; amongst those partially published, Rousseau, Lamennais, Voltaire, Diderot, Fenelon, Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Translations of foreign works have also been produced; in the batch are, complete or partial, Goldsmith, Sterne, Anne Radcliffe, Mrs. Inchbald, Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Bulwer, Dickens, Marryat, Goethe, Schiller, Silvio Pellico, and Boccaccio.—*Correspondent of Literary Gazette*.

MR. J. B. JEWSON, the pianist, has arrived in London for the season.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—These gardens, which will close next week, will continue to be attractive as long as the weather and the lessee permit. Mr. Godfrey has given us selections from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Benedict's *Crusaders*. Miss Mesient, who is still the vocal loadstar of the gardens, has been challenging the nightingales in Sir Henry Bishop's popular song, "The Mocking Bird," nicely accompanied on the flute by Mr. Tyler. A new song by Mr. Owen, gracefully delivered by the syren, is, we understand, the offspring of a very young muse, and as such may be considered to give promise of a fair maturity to the writer. A walk in these gardens, after dark, with their music, quaintly lighted walks, and fiery displays on the water, is as good as a visit to Fairy Land—almost.

MISS GODDARD, of Sadler's Wells has been starring at Chester during the run of "Timon of Athens." She appeared for six nights. The houses have been very fashionably attended.

NORTHAMPTON.—A new Society designated "The Northampton Instrumental Musical Society," has recently been established here, which promises to create and foster a taste for music which has not existed hitherto in this ancient borough. A series of six Concerts is announced for the winter, commencing on Thursday next, Oct. 2nd, for which the following artistes are engaged as principals. Miss Pyne, and Miss Louisa Pyne, as Vocalists; and Mr. H. Nicholson (Solo Flute). All the available Instrumental talent in the town will attend, assisted also by the principal members of the Duke of Rutland's Band from Leicester.

ON THE TITLES PREFIXED TO THE PSALMS, &c.—In the Book of Psalms frequent mention is made of the musical instruments then used, and it is also supposed that the titles prefixed to the Psalms was a key to the true sense and intention of the poem, and should therefore be retained and studied with the greatest care and veneration. But there are so many different opinions respecting them that it is exceedingly difficult to determine which of these titles are genuine as to explain their true meaning. Don Calmet, and Flaminio, frankly declare, that they are utterly unable to expound or interpret the titles of some of these Psalms, and the Rabbins suspect that most of the terms involved in so much darkness were the names of the instruments or the melodies which the Levites sung to them. The learned Father Martini appears to think there is no reason to doubt that the Psalms of David were accompanied by instruments, and also that there was a certain species of rhythm and metre both in the poetry and music of these compositions. For although the Hebrews were ignorant of counterpoint, they had certain known melodies, to which could be adapted at pleasure their extemporaneous poetry; and as a proof of there having existed some regularity in the arrangement of their music, the word *Selah* occurs frequently, which is equivalent to the Greek word *Diapsalma*, which may be translated a pause in singing, and the most general opinion is, that it was a sign for the cessation of the voices, and the introduction of the instruments; nothing more conclusive can be adduced, that the Psalms were sometimes accompanied by many instruments, and sometimes by one alone appears very probable; but what were the particular instruments used, the immense distance of the period renders it

impossible to discover. During the long reign of Solomon, the Hebrews were in the greatest prosperity, which not only enabled them to cultivate the arts and sciences amongst themselves, but stimulated foreigners to visit and assist them, for the immense wealth, the great renown, and the enormous sums paid the musicians, could not fail to attract the greatest talents from all parts of the neighbouring kingdoms. It is the opinion of many expounders and commentators of the sacred writings, that Solomon was the author of some of the Psalms that are attributed to David; it is certain that he was no less fond of poetry than his father, for, in the 4th Chap. of the 1st Book of Kings, and the 25th ver., we are told that "he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five." But whether he was a practical musician does not appear in the records of his reign."—*From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

CARLOTTA GRISI.—The "Reine de la Danse" left London on Wednesday evening, en route for St. Petersburg.

M. FETIS.—This eminent musician, and highly celebrated critic, has been for some weeks in London, and has composed three interesting letters on the musical department of the Great Exhibition, which have appeared in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*. M. Fetis returned to Brussels on Tuesday, to resume his duties as Principal of the Conservatoire.

Mr. ELLA, Director of the Musical Union, is in Paris. He has been visiting Signor Tamburini, at his *chateau*, near Sevrès.

Mr. HARRIS has already gone to Paris, to make preparations for Mr. Lumley's forthcoming season at the *Theatre Italien*.

DEATH OF ONE OF BURNS'S HEROINES.—A Glasgow contemporary records the death of one of the six "Mauchline belles," on whom Burns confers the fame of his verse. Mrs. Findlay, relict of Mr. Robert Findlay, of the excise, Greenock, was one of the very few persons, surviving to our own times, who intimately knew the peasant bard in the first flush of his genius and manhood, and by whom her name and charms have been wedded to immortal verse. When we consider that sixty-five years have elapsed since Burns wrote the lines in which this lady is noticed, and that the six Mauchline belles were then in the pride of opening womanhood, it is surprising that two of them, who have often listened to the living accents of the inspired peasant, still survive. The fate in life of the six belles was as follows: Miss Ellen Miller, the first named, became the wife of Burns's friend, Dr. Mackenzie, a medical gentleman in Mauchline, latterly in Irvine; Miss Markland we have already spoken of; Miss Jean Smith was married to Mr. Candlish, a successful teacher in Edinburgh, and became the mother of the eminent divine; Miss Betsy (Miller) became the wife of Mr. Templeton, in Mauchline; and Miss Morton married Mr. Patterson, cloth merchant, in the same village. Of the fate and history of "Bonnie Jean" (Armour) we need not speak. The survivors are Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Candlish.

RICHARD JONES, THE COMEDIAN.—On the 30th ultimo died, in his 73rd year, Mr. Richard Jones, for many years an actor of some (great) repute at Covent Garden Theatre. He commenced his career in the histrionic profession, as other comedians have done before him, by enacting tragedy at different provincial theatres, until the accidental illness of a brother performer led to his impersonation of Gossamer, in *Laugh when you can*. From this (that) time his attention was directed to comedy, and he made his first appearance on the London stage at Covent Garden in 1807, as Goldinch, in *The Road to Ruin*. He will, however, be chiefly remembered by his gentlemanly and lively performance of Puff, in *The Critic*. Mr. Jones, always careful of his purse and person, was long known among his professional brethren by the *soubriquet* of "Gentleman Jones." He was the author of two amusing pieces, *The Green Man*, and *Too Late for a Dinner*, and, since his retirement from the stage, has frequently employed himself in giving lessons in elocution.—*Literary Gazette*.

COMMERCIAL HALL, KING'S ROAD CHELSEA.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at the above rooms, on Tuesday

evening. A select audience, though not a numerous one, attended. The singers were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Miss Eliza Ward, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. H. Barnby: the instrumentalists, Mr. F. Wustemann (flute), Miss Eliza Ward (piano), and Master J. Ward (concertina). The encores were numerous, and comprised Mrs. Alexander Newton's "Hush ye pretty warbling choir," "Robin Adair," and "Casta Diva;" Mr. H. Barnby's "Revenge, Timotheus cries," Mr. Bridge Frodsham's "Death of Nelson," and Miss Louisa Nevett in "Vedrai Carino." Master J. Ward, also, was encored in his concertina solo. Miss Louisa Nevett made her *debut* in public on this occasion, and her success was unequivocal. She is a pupil of Mrs. Alexander Newton, has a very nice voice, and is extremely lady-like in appearance. Auguring from a first appearance, we have every reason to suppose Miss Louisa Nevett will be an acquisition, and no mean one, to the concert room.

MONTELLI.—In our account of the *Barbiere*, the name of Signor Faltoni was inadvertently printed instead of Signor Montelli, when that artist, at a brief notice, undertook the arduous part of Doctor Bartolo at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the retirement of Signor Lablache, and acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of Mr. Lumley.

MARIE ESCUDIER, the *redacteur* of *La France Musicale*, has returned to Paris from Havre.

CAROLINA ROSATI has left London for Paris.

MADAME SONTAG is at Boulogne.

MADMOISELLE ANGRI has gone to Paris. The accomplished contralto is in treaty with Mr. Lumley for next season, and an engagement is pending with her for the ensuing winter campaign at the *Teatro del Re*, Madrid.

MADMOISELLE IDA BERTRAND and her sister have left London for Paris.

PROFESSOR FISCHOFF, the well known musician and profound critic, who was one of the *envoyes* from Vienna to the Great Exhibition, has been appointed Director of the Conservatoire at Vienna.

MADMOISELLE CORBARI has come back to Paris. The delicious *comprimaria* and *prima donna* (*juncta in una*) is preparing for the forthcoming season at the *Bouffes*.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON AND MR. BRIDGE FRODSHAM have left London for Dublin, where they have an engagement with Mr. Levy for a week.

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN. (*From the American Magazine*). We are really gratified in recording the triumphant success of these wonderful specimens of "Young America" at the St. James's theatre. We say, a triumphant success; for we are aware that there has long existed in England an apathy to talent, as exhibited in children, which the genius of these children has, for a time at least, overcome. We have had the pleasure of seeing them perform in both England and the United States, and in all the principal cities of the latter they were favourites of the strongest character. Well do we remember their *debut* in Philadelphia, and the delight they occasioned; and also of their immense success in New York, under the management of the world-wide Barnum. As yet they have appeared here in the plays of *Macbeth*, *Richard the Third*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Young Couple*, *The Swiss Cottage*, *The Spoiled Child*, and *Bombastes Furioso*, the personation of the leading characters in which have been received both by the press and the public with the most unequivocal marks of favour. We cannot point out an instance where we have been more agreeably entertained by a dramatic performance than we were with their representation of those saucy, mischievous little chits, in the translation of Seribe's sparkling vaudeville, *Le Mariage Enfantin*. Kate's flow of vivacity, so elegantly expressed, was second only to the delightful ease of Mrs. Nisbett; while little Ellen's joyous, merry unaffectedness, called up a thrill of pleasure in every bosom. Well and truly did they deserve the shower of bouquets that fell around them when called upon the stage at the conclusion of the play. The great charm of the acting of these wonderful children

is the comprehensive naturalness which marks their efforts in every part they perform. We can perceive no evidence of training, for, like true artistes, they conceive the art, although it is difficult to believe that children so tender in years can comprehend the interests and meaning of the language of Shakspeare; yet we are constrained to say that they deliver it as if they do, which argues either a precocity of intellect almost unparalleled, or the perfection of art in acting rarely achieved on the English stage. We saw it stated some time ago that neither of the children could read, and this was a delicious straw for the critics to catch at. "If they cannot read, they cannot comprehend nature, and so they must be purloined." This is a shallow argument, for we know many singers who cannot read the character of a piece of music, yet, when it is expressed to them, they soon acquire and interpret it with more feeling and appreciative understanding than the mere reader. We have reason to believe that these children conceive as well as execute; and, as to the genius of their execution, the public of England and America can now fully attest.

We learn that, at the close of the present season at the St. James's, which must necessarily be limited, the father of these "dear little people," as Daniel Webster, our great statesmen called them, intends taking them into the provinces. Our out of London friends may anticipate something glorious in the way of dramatic novelty. There never lived but one family of "Batemans," and it will be a long time ere we "look upon their like again."

GREENWICH. (From our own Reporter).—An evening concert was given on Thursday last at the Lecture Hall, on which occasion the room was crowded in every available part. The concert took place under the direction of Mr. Albert Schloss, and the following popular artists assisted:—Vocalists, Miss Bassano, Miss Messent, Miss Binckes, the Misses Alexander (pupils of Signor Felice Ronconi), Madame Garcia, Miss S. Pyne, Miss Louisa Pyne, Herr Stigelli (from the Royal Italian Opera), and Mr. Whitworth. Instrumentalists:—Herr Jansa, Professor at the Conservatorium at Vienna (violin), M. Rousselot (violin-cello), and Herr Kuhe (pianoforte). The programme commenced with May-seder's Trio for violin, violin-cello and pianoforte, remarkably well executed by Herr Jansa, M. Rousselot and Herr Kuhe. Jansa sustained his reputation fully as one of the first violinists in Vienna. His style is extremely pure, and his tone large, full, and round. His bowing is free and easy, and his execution at once brilliant and finished. Herr Jansa has had great experience as a classical violinist. It was he who inaugurated the Beethoven Quartet Society at Vienna, and conducted it from the commencement to the present time. Some such difference with the authorities in power as caused the expulsion of Mademoiselle Zerr from the Court Opera and Concerts in the Capital of Austria, having relation to supporting the Hungarian Refugees, has led to Herr Jansa's departure from Vienna and arrival in London. He has, we understand, come to reside in this country. Certainly his talents cannot fail to be appreciated amongst muses. But to our subject, leaving Herr Jansa for a more favorable opportunity to discuss his merits at greater length, Miss Bassano was encored in Angelina's pretty and unpretending ballad, "Solitude." Miss Bassano sang the ballad charmingly and deserved the warm encore she obtained. The Misses Pyne gave Donizetti's duo, "Ah! figlia incanta," with pleasing, but not overpowering effect. Herr Kuhe was encored in a solo on the pianoforte, to which his capital playing well entitled him. Mr. Whitworth sang Vogel's aria, "L'Ange dechie," and Miss Binckes, Miss M. B. Hawes's oft-sung ballad, "I'll speak of thee." Miss Binckes was encored. Herr Jansa executed a Fantasia of his own composition on the violin with admirable effect. Herr Jansa was loudly applauded from all parts of the rooms. Herr Jansa is no less celebrated as a composer than a player on the violin. The present work has sterling merit, and is at the same time a brilliant and showy contribution to the instrument. The "Somno song" from *Masaniello* was very sweetly rendered by Herr Stigelli, who managed the mezzo voce voice with excellent effect, and skillfully. Miss Bassano's fine deep voice was heard advantageously in the grand air, "Ah! quel giorno," from *Semiramide*, and Miss Louisa Pyne was rapturously blessed in "Cease

your funning" with variations, for which worthy accomplishment Miss Louisa Pyne deserves to be dubbed the English Sontag. The first part concluded with Glover's duet, "From our merry Swiss home," given very nicely, and encored. The second part commenced with the rondo finale "Ah! non giunge," from *Sonnambula*, which Miss Binckes found, on the incompetent side of her talent. The "Tell me, my heart," of Miss Messent was better, because more compassable by the singer. Young singers should not attempt too much. The juvenile crow that attempted to fly out of his nest, his mother unwilling, before he had his wings fledged, was devoured by a gled-hawk. A solo on the violin-cello displayed a thorough musician and a practised hand in M. Scipion Rousselot, whom we seldom miss from a concert of any note, in or out of season in London. The very charming romanza, "So mild, so good," from Frank Mori's cantata, *Fridolin*, was neatly and prettily warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne. Wallace's "There is a flower that bloometh" was well delivered by Herr Stigelli, who showed no less aptitude for English consonants than for English notes. Herr Kuhe again treated his admirers to a pianoforte solo, and Mr. Whitworth was encored in Edward Loder's ubiquitous ballad "The Brave old Oak," whereof, why "brave?" Ask the *Athenaeum*. The "Oak" was succeeded by a Scotch ballad, written by one Burns, and called "There's nae luck about the hoose." Miss Bassano sang it like a Highland Saint Cecilia. Rodé's air and variations was attempted by Madame Garcia. Who is Madame Garcia? "Where the Bee Sucks" was sung twice by Miss Binckes, and a Scotch song by Miss Messent, was also called for twice, and repeated. The eternal Prayer from the *Mosé in Egitto* concluded the concert—Herr Kuhe, Herr Carl Schmit, and Mr. Frank Mori officiated in turn as Conductors.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The another week at playhouse prices. Will they stretch out to the crack of doom? Four more nights are announced—vide advertisement—as "positively the last." But these terms have now ceased to have any force. However, we have good reason to suspect that next week will in reality put an end to Mr. Lumley's long lived and most extraordinary season. We hear, by the way, that the indefatigable director is already making engagements of importance for next year, and rumour hints at vast improvements in several departments in the establishment being projected. If Mr. Lumley next season exceed the energy he has displayed in his present campaign he will accomplish a miracle.

JULLIEN.—The indefatigable *chef d'orchestre* is rustivating at Southend, and is hard at work on his new opera, which he expects to complete before he commences his provincial tour in January. Jullien returns to London next week to make preparations for his winter campaign at Drury-lane. What novelties Jullien intends producing this season are yet in the womb of time. The public, however, may depend on it, that Jullien's brain never lies fallow. The mental plough is always at work, and the seeds of thought always being sown.

RETIREMENT OF BALFE FROM HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A friend writes from Cologne that it is there said that Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been just engaged by Mr. Lumley as the musical director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, and of the Italian Opera in Paris, and that he will, in consequence, resign his appointments in the city of the three Kings. This, of course, implies the retirement of Mr. Balfé; and the gain also to London of a sound musician and amiable man, which universal report declares Herr Hiller to be. What his capacities as musical conductor of a theatre so differently constructed from those of the Continent, as ours may prove, no one can yet divine; but of his standing among European musicians there can be no question. His appointment, therefore, if the Celoguese echoes tell true, must not pass without a word of welcome. It is said that if Herr Hiller do leave Germany, there is some chance of M. Liszt being tempted away from his court allegiance at Weimer, to be placed at the head of the Conservatoire in Cologne, instead of Herr Hiller.

Advertisements.

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